

# THE LEXINGTON RECORD.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

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No. 4.

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THE LEXINGTON RECORD will be issued the first of every month. The subscription price is One Dollar a year. Advertising space is Three Dollars per inch for one year, if paid in advance; or four dollars when paid by the quarter. Please address all questions and communications to LEXINGTON RECORD, Lock Box 375, Lexington, Kentucky. **MRS. EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS, EDITOR.**

**MRS. J. W. McCONNELL,**  
Business Manager.

We have reason to feel encouraged at the warm greeting extended to THE RECORD. It is growing in the number of subscribers, and will grow in excellence we hope, as experience and sympathy come. What pleases one may not interest another. Let us, however be united in the main object for which we work.

"When you educate a boy you perhaps educate a man, but when you educate a girl you are laying the foundation for the education of a family." The mother is the center of the home and determines its character, and the home determines the state of society and the welfare or failure of a nation.

## Striving.

If you would enter heaven, you must be in earnest about it. Men were brought on beds to Christ to be healed, but no man ever went to heaven lying on his bed and borne on the shoulders of others. You will never wake up some fine morning and find yourself pious. The great change will steal softly over you while you sit at ease. You must be awake, up, and at it. You must strive, says Christ, strive like a wrestler who has his foe and his match; strive like a runner, when the race is long and the runners many, and but one can win; strive like the soldier, when the conflict is sharp, and he who conquers not must die. Such is the scripture usage of that "striving" by which we enter into life. The word is full of earnestness—earnestness even to agony.—Selected.

**WANTED** — Stout, intelligent young women, with some education, to enter the Protestant Infirmary here as pupil nurses, under a trained nurse. References required. For particulars inquire of Miss Frances M. Jenkins, Superintendent of Protestant Infirmary, East Short Street, Lexington, Ky. dec'90tf

The young Chinese Emperor is breaking up the gambling establishments of Peking and is trying to reduce the expenses of the administration of the government.

Send blankets to the Infirmary.

## Aunt Jean's Letter.

**DEAR FRIENDS:** Another month has been added to our life span. What has it added to our record as responsible beings? We are all engaged in work which, to do acceptably, requires forgetfulness of self—an absolute putting out of sight of our own glory. At the same time the tree is known by its fruits, and a city which is set on a hill cannot be hid. Strike the plumb-line of duty between ostentation and reserve; do that which lieth in us, looking neither to right nor left, and then it may be written of us, "They have done what they could." To some the lines fall unto pleasant places. Let such rejoice and be glad, knowing full well that a charge is given them to keep and to answer for at the day of reckoning. To the poor is multiplied distress when dreary winter comes. Not even the meager street comforts of warm sunshine and a chance bit of fruit are theirs now. Hovering over reluctant embers, they hug their empty stomachs till fed by charity.

**THE PROTESTANT INFIRMARY** has made its way to the front rank of usefulness. It stands a monument to the most touching and beautiful traits of humanity. Think what it is to be helpless; entirely dependent upon the kindness of others; racked by pain even unto mortal extremity; driven to the surgeon's knife by ills of the flesh; condemned to days and nights of agony and weariness. Think and be merciful; join in the efforts that are being made for their relief; in union there is strength. Here a little, there a little, becomes by and by a mighty salvation. Only think; stop and think. When you sit down to rest, don't take a book every time. Calmly look upon the things that are needful in life; remember the poor; try to put yourself in the places of the suffering ones tied down upon beds, looking only, under heaven, to your ministering hands. The Infirmary patients have reached the usual average since my last. Some have gone, some have come, some are improving. Death has been there; but death, after all, has been merciful. Some one said, "Aunt Jean gets the names wrong. We do not know any such persons." Did you think Aunt Jean meant to give you real names? It is not necessary. She may introduce the sick and feeble to you by what names she chooses, so that the right chord is touched. Don't you think so? Just tell your sick friends where they may be sure of a quiet retreat and of absolute seclusion, with skilled nurses to wait upon them, with all sorts of delicacies sent to them, and with any physician they choose to minister to them. Homes have been found for friendless convalescents, and the hopelessly ill are in good hands. So that, after all, this month's story is a pleasant one.

**THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS** is entering upon another winter. All the old ladies are well. Aunt

Patsy had a severe illness, and illness at ninety one is not easy to throw off; yet she is again cheerfully busy cutting carpet rags for Mother Steele to sew. Down in the basement Dick still holds high carnival, and serenades Aunt Amy at her vegetables. Homes have been found for the three young girls. Matron Mary is always ready with a word of commendation for her community. Mrs. Rebecca Jones and Mrs. Charles Gaitskill, of Burgin, sent a bundle of black, partly worn dresses. One of the managers, whose activity in good works is well known, contributed a stove. The 26th was the day appointed for the annual donations of packages to the Home, and the ingathering was cheering. In my next I hope to tell you what was sent.

**THE ORPHANS' HOME** has an efficient assistant matron in Sister Myrtie, whose recent report, as published in the city papers, shows a prosperous and happy family. She told how every hour in the day was taken up by and for the children. Mother Frances is up again and at her post.

**THE CHURCH HOME** has no ill inmates at present, though all are liable at this season to twinges from Jack Frost. This is a noble charity and one that is in good hands.

Dear friends, let me wish you, one and all, a happy Christmas time! Yours in love,  
**AUNT JEAN.**

**SICK-BED, Nov. 17, 1890.**  
My dear Mrs. McConnell:

Your note and the LEXINGTON RECORD came to me and I want to thank you for your interest in my beloved life work. I will enclose you one of each of my explanatory leaflets which will probably give you all the information you need about the flower mission, and I am somewhat at a loss to know just what you want me to tell you about it. I suppose though it is how to organize a mission, or how to carry on the work. I am sorry to decline your kind offer, but I am the busiest little invalid you ever could find, and am unable to reach all the demands upon my time and strength. I will have my secretary mail you one of this year's reports of the National Flower Mission when she returns with them from the Convention, and from it you will see what great demands the work makes upon my feeble strength. It requires me to arrange twenty-five letters a week. I am very busy now making arrangements for a new plan, to secure a trained nurse for our city's sick poor, and this is occupying me in every spare hour I have. I was much interested in the accounts of your noble work, and from my heart I do wish it God speed. Hoping that these little leaflets may be what you want, and that your labor of love may have God's smile to rest upon it continually,

I am your invalid friend,  
**MRS. JENNIE CASSIDY,**  
216 East Chestnut street, Louisville, Ky.